

beams? and who having the slightest claims to be considered a poet, has not tuned his muse in praise of the God-enamelled flowers?

"Flowers have a soul in every leaf."

MOORE.

Who then would wish to be without them—to live without flowers? Where would the poet fly for his images of beauty, were he to be deprived of them? Are they not emblems of loveliness and innocence?—the very type of all things pleasing and graceful? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the pearly lily—the winning eye gathers its glow from the violet, and the sweet voice of the young maid is like a breeze perfumed by the breath of the flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the silken ringlets of the young bride, and strew her path with the fragrant bells when she leaves the church.—We place them around the marble face of the dead in the narrow coffin; and a pretty custom prevails in South Wales, Monmouthshire, and some other districts, of decorating with choice flowers the graves of departed friends on Palm Sunday.

"We strew the flowers lightly on,
To deck their narrow beds,
But yet they little know what's done
Above their heads.
There is in every flower
A language spoke and read,—

"Tis a pure and simple dower
To give the dead.

"Every relative and friend
That deck the graves of those
They loved, and while the knee they bend
To place the boughs
Or trace the flowers one by one,
With greatest taste and care,
The heart breathes forth for those now gone
A silent prayer.

Oh! yes, they are symbolical of our affections—pleasures remembered and hopes faded, wishes flown, and scenes cherished the more, because they can never return: and it bears with it a beautiful and sympathising feature, speaking a sincere and deep-felt remembrance of the departed, whether of a faithful partner, which cruel death has snatched from our embrace—an obedient and affectionate child—a loving brother or sister—a kind and indulgent parent,—or a friend to whom our hearts were long bound. In offering this tribute to their memory, in some instances no expense is spared in procuring the choicest flowers, and many are purchased considerably above their general value for the occasion.

"And the flowers that we strew upon the grave,
Are wet with many a sorrowing tear."

Oh! the grave! the grave! it buries every error,
covers every defect, extinguishes every resent-